

A simple line drawing of a hand holding a lit candle. The hand is shown from the side, with the thumb and index finger gripping the candle. The candle is lit, with a flame at the top. The drawing is done in a sketchy, hand-drawn style.

Wakefield High School's

1976

Baccalaureate Service

7:00 p.m.

Lubber Run Amphitheater

Wakefield High School's 1976
BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

June 13th, 1976, 7:00p.m.
Lubber Run Amphitheater

PROGRAM

Prelude.....Barbara Tankard

"Sonatina #2"-Kabalevsky

"On Wings of a Song"-Mendelssohn

"Do You Know Where You're Going To"

-Masser

Invocation (all stand).....Rev. Jack Turner

"More Day To Dawn".....Ensemble

Reading.....Daniel J. Katcher

The Lord's Prayer. (stand).....All

"Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"-(guitar)

...Melanie Buchanan

The Message.....Rev. Jack Turner

The Lighting of the Candles.....All

Address.....Traci Kuntzelman

"Pass It On".....All

"The Sabbath Prayer".....Bettye Carter and
accompaniment

"God Bless Our Native Land".....All
...Brass Ensemble

Benediction (all stand).....Rev. Jack Turner

"The Lord Bless You and Keep You"...Ensemble

Postlude.....Brass Ensemble

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be
Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done
on earth as it is in heaven; Give us this
day our daily bread; And forgive us our sins,
as we forgive those who sin against us; And
lead us not into temptation; But deliver us
from evil; For Thine is the kingdom and the
power and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

"Pass It On"

It only takes a spark to get a fire going,
And soon all those around can warm up in its glowing/
That's how it is with God's love, Once you've
experienced it,/you spread His love to everyone;
You want to pass it on.

I wish for you my friend, this happiness that I've
found./ You can depend on Him, it matters not
where you're bound./ I'll shout it from the
mountain top,/I want the world to know;
the Lord of love has come to me,
I want to pass it on.

(Continued on back)

"God Bless Our Native Land"

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand Thro' storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save, By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies; On Him we wait,
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry, God save the State!

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He
shall direct thy paths."***